His hand upon thy door may not af-That whether comes he in the starless

At dawn, or noon, grim fear shall not at-Upon his kindly step; his touch will be God's sign and seal to set thy spirit free. Speech hath he none, and velled the face

he wears; Yet known to all the silent, unseen guest, And to each soul the import of the quest He makes wherever life her flame-torch bears. Unheard he comes, for peace hath shod

his feet; Thou'lt in his breast her joys supernal

No beggar he; yet none may disallow
His attitude of waiting for the gift
He claims—and takes! To win the soul's
last shrift
Shrink not, O friend, though on thy fevered

His kiss falls chill; life's subtlest secret The corn of wheat beneath the winter's

What though the windows of the soul grow dim Within the shadow of the presence dread? Beneath the shade of Pisgah's height are

Fair Canaan's plains, and Jordan's silver When fades the light of earth to dying God's "Promised Land" shall on their the woodland. It was a sad sight to see

To living streams whose noiseless foun-

tains flow
From out God's throne; whose magic
waters go
To heal the nations, conquer pain and care.
Go then with Death! Be not, O friend, When thou in his strong grasp thy hand

-M. Sheffey-Peters, in N. Y. Observer.

#### Che Miser's Secret.

OLD MISER FURGIS was dying. In a large, bare, desolate room he lay, sturing wildly at the dull walls and dingy ceiling. No one entered his room clung faithfully to his side. His chilany great show of affection and whom he seemed to look upon as so much property to be made the most of-stole cautiously to the room occasionally and

Miser Furgis, as he was known throughout the country, had lived in the old rambling house in which he was make sure they were not watched. At dying, for 30 years. During the time he had cultivated the fertile acres that lay about it. He had worked like a slave and forced his children to work, lived like the poorest laborer, that he cavation; fainter and fainter throbbed might hoard his hard-earned gold. Now Keir hopes; lower and lower waned the he was dying, and he alone knew where it was buried.

One morning, after having lain unconscious for days, he opened his eyes and turned them searchingly about the room until they rested on his wife. As they lingered finally on her there was a tender light in them that told of love.

"Lucy," he began, in a faint, hollow voice, "I feel that I can't live much longer. I am dying, and before I go I want to tell you a secret-ask you and the children to forgive me for the cold, hard life I have caused you to live. You will forgive me-when you know all. Call the children-I-am going fast." The family gathered hurriedly about the bed. The miser asked to be lifted

to a sitting position, and continued: "Children, when you know the secret in account as some great pain took hold upon him. Trembling violently, he sank back among the pillows. Then with a mighty effort he gasped: "You'll find it all-on

After another spell he tried again to speak. "Don't-sell-the-farm." His features relaxed; there was a

tremor, and the miser was dead. The miser was scarcely beneath the for his hearded gold. Now that he was gone, and had sought in his last hour might elude their most careful and persistent search.

So confident were they of success, and so pleasant was the contemplation of sat down with pencil and paper to figure out the amount their father had accumulated during the last 30 years.

His calculation was something like this: The farm averaged an income of at least \$500 a year for the first five years. The next five the average would be \$1,000. The next ten \$1,500, and to his own knowledge the profits the last ten years had been \$3,000. Fifty thoud dollars would be a fair estimate. "On"-that was the only clew. The

second story of the building was carefully gone over; then the attic, but nothing but cobwebs and accumulated dust and rubbish was found. Then the grounds were gone over again and gain, each time more slowly and carefully, special search being made on every eminence. But it was always with the same disappointing results.

Years passed, and the miser's gold lay secure in its hiding place. They who sought it continued hopeful, and with the exception of short intervals of rest they had kept diligently at work. The farm during this time had been

left to take care of itself and produce whatever crop it saw fit; consequently the fertile acres were covered with a dense growth of weeds and briars. The stock had been sold off, a few at a time, until only a small number of brokenspirited horses remained with which to

cultivate the patches necessity forced

As the years continued to slip away, Mrs. Furgis died. Soon Albert followed her, and the two remaining children were left alone in the large, decaying house. Harold and his sister continued to work the patches about the house, and year after year mortgage a few neres of land for money to pay taxes, not daring to sell or rent, for fear their Preasure would fall in other hands than their own. Through the long years of foolish and profitless search it never occurred to them, or, if it did, was not ncted on, that in the farm they had a fruitful and unfailing source of rev-

One day in early June, as Harold sat on the moss-grown stoop, gazing dreamily out on the luxuriant and tangled unflergrowth, a peddler crossed the stile and labored slowly beneath a pack along the paved walk.

"Would you like to purchase a divining rod?" he asked, placing his pack on the ground. He held out a polished metal rod that flashed brightly in the

"What is it for?" asked Harold, taking the rod in his hand and examining it

"To find minerals; hidden treasuregold and silver." Harold opened his eyes, and an ex-

ression of interest flushed his listless "How is it used?" he asked, striving

to restrain his curiosity. The peddler carefully explained the manner of operating it, and again emphasized its occult power of divination. "Have you sold many?" asked Harold. "Not near here," returned the trader; have just reached this section.

"Name your lowest figure for the entire lot," said Harold impatiently, "and promise not to sell any more in this county, and I'll buy them."

A bargain was struck. The peddler walked off, laughing in his sleeve over the fine sale, and Harold hurried with his purchase to his sister. Their flag- | the nerves and build up the whole system. ging hope and energies became again

At all hours they could be seen, rods in hand, walking with careful step and bowed head around the plantation. It was a strange, weird picture to see

the lithe, slender woman and the tall, gaunt form of her brother as they pushed their way through the tangled bracken, their eyes ever riveted on the ground at their feet. Specter-like they traversed the summit of mound and hill, stalked through field and pasture, and crept in the silence and shadows of the twain at nightfall, exhausted with And death will guide to meads and pastures | their ceaseless tramp, sit down sullen, dejected and disappointed to their niggardly meal in the gloom of the old

Intercourse with their neighbors had almost ceased, and they were startled one evening when they found themselves face to face with one of their father's old friends. The presence of any person in the house seemed almost an apparition. The visit was prompted by n kindly feeling of interest, and their visitor protested mildly but earnestly against their course. He urged them to stop their folly, refill the houses with enants and again cultivate their farms. Harold listened respectfully, thanked his visitor for the show of good will, but asserted positively his intention of keepng up the search.

Not many days after the visit just recorded Harold, while prospecting on the top of a hill, was sure his rod gave indieations of a mineral deposit. All aunless requested save his wife, who tremble he tried the spot a second time. Yes, he was sure, the rod dipped to the dren-for whom be had never exhibited | earth. He marked the place and crept stealthily away. Seeking his sister he told her that the treasure was found. At nightfall they would go forth and

Armed with pick and shovel, they stole warily out through the darkness, make sure they were not watched. At then Hettic, looking up through her last they stood above the precious spot. last they stood above the precious spot. Harold pushed aside the dead leaves and grass and began to dig away the mellow earth. Deeper and wider grew the exmoon, until the delvers stood pale and faint in the gray of morn.

That evening Harold and his sister at moodily in the room in which their father had died. They had always avoided the room, and now they wondered at their presence in it. Some strange fascination was upon them. They were growing morbidly superstitious of late. A candle sputtered on a table between them, illuminating feebly the darkness. The white covering of the bed on which the miser died loomed faintly in the shadows and looked not unlike a crouching ghost about to that I am about to disclose you will for- he could see his father's face distorted skum of swamps. This, we are in- turn? give my seeming unnatural-" he in death agony, and bar the whispered formed, is a mistake. The Kansas frog words drop from his lips: He sprang is said to delight in the clear ozone filled ter, asked:

would have said after 'on'? See if you in texture than the ham of the frog can't put your head to work. This is reared among the miasma-infected the point at which we should have swamps. Gradually Kansas is becom-

started long ago." After thinking, with knit brow, in silence for a spell, he began: "On, on of other states. In the line of fish, sod before his children began the search top-On, on, on-On, upon the-On top fruit and fowl Kansas has long since of the-On, on what, sister? On the top of the what? We ought to guess what to make reparation, they thought of would come next. On, on-" he looked him kindly. They forgot his asperities | searchingly about the room-"on theas they thought of the treasure he had the clock," he cried, springing to his left them. Now it was all theirs. It feet as his eyes stared into the face of never occurred to them that the prize an old, silent cuckoo clock in the corper. "It's there, Hettie; don't you remember how father stared at the clock when he was dying? Yes, we'll find some clew on the clock. I have a pretheir fortune, that Albert, the youngest, sentiment that our disappointing quest is at an end," he continued, nervously mounting a chair. His sister stood at his side, holding aloft the flickering candle. Harold was feeling in the dust

and cobwebs when the old clock gave a groan, the cuckoo came to the door and repeated its hollow note; there was a harsh screeching, and the dilapidated timepiece tumbled in a heap. There was a shriek; the candle fell spluttering to the floor, and the two ran like guilty things from the room. They stood in the empty hall for a moment, panting with fright and peering furtively into the dark; then hastened to

their apartments. Morning was stealing gray and shadowy through the quiet old building when Harold stole down the stairway to where lay scattered the wreck of the old clock. He searched amid the debris, and brought to light a bit of yellow, time-stained paper. He brushed the dust from it and read, in a cramped handwriting, the words: "To my wife."

At last. There was no hurry now.

Harold was perfectly calm as he pushed the paper in his pocket and stepped to the stairway to call his sister. She came hurrying down presently, her heart all a-flutter with agitation.

"Harold, have you found it?" she nsked, huskily.

He bowed his head, and the glow of triumphant satisfaction on his face was pitiful. He led his sister gently along the hall to the old rotting stoop. Here they sat down in the crimson glow of sunrise, and Harold opened the paper

"Dear Wife: In trying to atone for one sin I have been guilty of another—perhaps a greater. But, when you know all, I am n my return from vacation, if they would

Banks were not as common then as now, "Banks were not as common then as now, and I had learned that my father kept his money in an iron box in the study. His keys he always carried with him. The night before I was to return to school I stole to his room and secured them. I had intended to take only a sufficient sum to pay my debts, but when the chest with its treasure lay open before my eyes a wicked impulse overmastered me and I decided that it all should be mine. I packed the money in my portmanteau, locked the box, fastened the study door, returned the to the spot and see how quickly he will ox, fastened the study door, returned the Table supplies in Abyssinia are so box, fastened the study door, restrict the top where to my father's pockets, and, returning to my room, waited impetiently the coming of day. It chanced the following morning, it being a busy season, that a servant money galore. Chickens are ten for a

intrinsic value of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses actual and unequalled curative power and therefore it has true merit. When you buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, and take it according three dollars each and the latter from to directions, to purify your blood, or cure any of the many blood diseases, you are morally certain to receive benefit. The power to cure is there. You are not who seem to make a very good living trying an experiment. It will make your blood pure, rich and nourishing, and thus by washing the clay brought down from drive out the germs of disease, strengthen

# Sarsaparilla

Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills Do not purge, pain or gripe. All druggists. 25e.

a not be spared to drive me over to raffroad. I was to go over alone and the railroad. I was to go over alone and the team sent for later.

"There was a swollen stream on my route, and as I drove in sight a scheme occurred to me that I had not thought of. I stopped the buggy at the water's edge, and, lifting my grip to the roadside, cast the reins over the dashboard, and then gave the horses a cutting lash. They plunged with a bound into the muddy water. I watched them until they reached the further shore, and then concealed myself in the woods. They would think me drowned and mourn me as dead.

"That night I walked to a distant station and took a train for the west. After years of aimless wandering, ever stung

tion and took a train for the west. After years of aimless wandering, ever stung with remorse, I came to this place and opened my farm. I resolved to make what restitution was possible, the larger part of my fil-gotten wealth by this time having been squandered. So scant was the living that I took from my farm that I soon became known as Miser Furgis. I was glad, for it made me more secure in my purpose and my concealment. I sent the proceeds of each year's crop to the widow of my foster-father, for he had died soon after my flight. I have, at last, returned every dollar of the stolen money, and the farm, free from incumbrance, is yours.
This is my story. I need not speak of the
remorse, the fear, the suppressed love that
I have felt all the sad years. Forgive me, and think of me as your loving husband,
"J. H. FURGIS."

The paper fell fluttering to the steps.

A breath of air caught and whirled it out over the tangled weeds. Harold gazed for a moment toward the sunrise that flared red above the treetops, then his head sank to his knee and a groan burst from his lips. His sister was weeping silently, her head on his arm. Motionless, silent they sat for minutes, dreamed that it would be like this." There was no answer. He rose and staggered into the shadow of the door-

For weeks there was not a sign of life about the old ruins. But one bright morning Harold came forth a new man, and went energetically to work. Now the tenant houses are occupied, the farm "blossoms as the rose," and a handsome modern structure crowns the eminence. Harold and Hettie found where their treasure lay hid .- N. O. Times-Demo-

A NEW KANSAS INDUSTRY.

Frog Raising Is Becoming a Lucra-Speaking of new industries, word omes from Butler county that the frog leg industry is assuming considerable proportious, says the Topeka Mail. spring from the gloom. Harold gazed | Many people have supposed that the ntently at the blurred drapery until frog would naturally seek miasmatic "Hettie, can't you think what father | larynx. His ham is whiter and firmer ing the abode of luxury, such as is unhit the high notch with epicures, but we have sighed in vain for home-grown frog legs and oysters. The frog leg problem has been solved. The only thing remaining to be done is to fix up oyster bays and bring the oyster back to the home of his ancestor. Plant him in an artificial pond in western Kansas, where in a remote, prehistoric age, his progenitor whiled the happy hours away. Of course there will be some sad features about it for the oyster, for he will see lying about him, unless they have all been picked up within the last year or two, the petrifled coverings of his departed sires. As he looks on their stony shells the new oyster will naturally experience a feeling of sadness as he thinks of the rocky times experienced by his ancestors, but that was because they did not understand irrigation and depended on the natural rainfall of the country. Frog legs and native oysters are among the things that can be banked on in the future Kansas.

FREQUENT EARTHQUAKES.

Spot in California Shunned by Everyone Because of Its Instability. "There is a place in California where earthquakes may be said to be kept on tap," said a Fresno county fruit grower recently. "The spot is at the headwaters of the Keweah, at the border of Fresno, Tulare and Inyo counties You can't hire an Indian or a Mexican to go near that locality. They say it is the home of the evil spirits. The country is rugged and rocky-mountains with deep valleys and precipitous cliffs. Snakes, scorpions, tulas, centipeds and all sorts of hideous reptiles and insects seem to have made the neighborhood their paradise, for they are there in very palpable abundance. "But, in addition to these attractions

the region may be said to be in a state of perpetual earthquake. The ground trembles and quakes continually, and the rocks themselves seem to be grinding and grating against one another constantly, as if subject to some great internal force. These phenomena are a greater. But, when you know all, I am sure you will forgive me. I will be brief. When a child I was left an orphan. A wealthy and childless couple adopted me. I was reared in luxury, and when old enough I was sent off to college. While there I made the acquaintance of some dissipated young men, and soon learned to drink and gamble. It was not long until I was deeply involved in debt—debts of honor, as they were called. I was ashamed to ask my foster-father for the large sums I needed, but being threatened with exposure I promised to satisfy my creditors on my return from vacation, if they would said to be more emphatic at night than ever happen to be in that vicinity, ask the first Indian you meet to guide you

ten to twenty pounds for a dollar. Barley sells for about three dollars for about to make their first trip? 2,200 pounds, and wheat is still cheaper. For transportation almost anyone can have a horse, a mule or a donkey, for the former two can be bought for Digs a Grave for His Dead Foe and ten to fifty dollars. All the gold found is alluvial or surface gold, and the industry is in the hands of a few blacks, out of it. They get most of the gold

of Mocha would make Abyssinia a wealthy' country. KITTEN AND THE LION.

Pathetle Story of Love in Animal Life at the Zoo. The other night a little, purring kitten rubbed herself in friendly fashion against the great iron bars of the den of Old Paul, the zoo's famed lion, of whom extreme age has made a pitiable way of coaxing Paul to come to say watched the whole performance. good-night to her, for Paul and kittie were the best of friends. She was the only bit of outside life that Paul was ever friendly with. Every night for weeks kittie has crept shyly up in front of the bars of her old lion lover's home, and when she mewed to him he came forward and put his great shaggy head as close to her as he could, and they caressed each other.

the mountains by the floods that follow

the heavy annual rains. Owing to its

mountains and valleys, the climate of

Abyssinia varies from tropical to

fcicle. It is mainly an agricultural

country, and the natives are mostly

herdsmen or farmers. It grows cof-

fee, melons, potatoes, cotton; the first-

named alone exported under the name

The other night when kittle came, and, rubbing anxiously against the bars, mewed all softly to her jungle lover to came and say good-night, Paul just lay still, his head between his paws and didn't notice her at all. Tired of coaxing him, the faithful kittie stopped and just looked and looked at the noble, great fellow. Finally a stinct never let her do before. She shyly crept through the big, black iron bars, and, going in, caressed the great bowed head in her most loving way. But there was no response. Then kittie slowly went away and Paul slept on-the sleep that knows no waking.

Scores of people who had known the been visiting him, and hosts of tiny children had tossed him kisses just as death was coming on. He died exactly as quirer a month ago said he would, "as if asleep, with his head between his

MYSTERIOUS SWORDFISH.

Never Appear Until They Have Attained Their Full Growth. The swordfish come to American waters grown up. Of course, they vary

in size, but no young are ever seen here. This fact has been clearly set out by a government report on the subject, reports the Hartford Courant. The young are found chiefly in the Mediterranean. After they are able to go it alone more or less of them strike for the North American coast-most of these gathering about Block island. There they lie and sun themselves on the top of the water, the prey all summer of the fishermen and their spears. What instinct brings these fish across 3,000 the whole scene flashed on him again; districts where ague lurked above the miles of water to spend a season and re-

to his feet, exclaiming harshly: "On, atmosphere of the prairie and sings a chief market, but it sells well all about tain coal enough to enable her to reach on." Then turning to his startled sis- song of unusual clearness owing to the here. It is solid meat, with a distinct her nearest home port by the nearest effect of the clear, bracing air on his flavor, and very edible. New York, how- route; she certainly could not get any ever, doesn't buy it. New Yorkers, who more. hunt the markets of the world for new things, will not eat it.

How long these queer fish will last is a problem. They are hunted not

Milk is had for asking. But- only for the market, but for pleasure. ter is about six cents a pound. A good sheep may be had for from fifty cents astidious to eat them, should estabto three dollars. Cows used to be five lish the fad of killing the fish and coldollars, but are now dearer. Potatoes lecting the swords, they would probare about a cent a pound; coffee from ably soon exterminate the creatures, kill off all the old swordfish, and who would guide hither those that were

FLY A SPIDER'S UNDERTAKER.

Carefully Buries Him. Samuel Simon, Sr., a well-known resident of Neshannock township, while strolling near his home one day recently noticed a fly about half an inch long and of a dark blue color, with a slim body, bearing a large dead spider. The fly crossed his path and laid his load down. It then went about 18 inches in another direction and commenced digging a hole in the ground, reports the Newcastle (Pa.) Democrat.
After the fly had the hole dug about

half the length of himself he went to where he had left the spider and took his dimensions. After going back to the hole he found it was not big enough | depending somewhat upon the heaviand commenced digging again.

cavation large enough for his purpose he went for the spider and took it to the mouth of the hole. After he had the body in he covered it with fine earth first and finished by placing a small piece of cinder on top. When he had finished the work he flew away. The show these many weeks, says the Cin- whole time consumed was exactly 55 cinnati Enquirer. It was the kitten's | minutes, as Mr. Simon says he sat and

JACK RAEBIT'S DOOM.

To Be Rounded Up for Their Fur, Used in Making Fine Hats. The days of the Kansas jack rabbit are numbered, says the St. Louis Republic. New York parties have advertisements in many western Kansas newspapers offering three cents each for cured jack ribbit skins, culls and to the barn, but if shed room is limited pieces three cents a pound and common cottontail skins 51/2 cents per pound. it remain there until needed for use. The New York parties want the fur with which to make hats, and, as they represent European hat makers, it is stated that the traffic in rabbit furs has give to stock is by means of a rack been transferred from Australia to the

Skilled rabbit hunters in western keeper saw her do something that in- Kansas can make good wages killing jack rabbits, and in the vicinity of Dodge City sportsmen are preparing for several grand roundups. Frequently the people of western Kansas have surrounded a large section of country, driven the rabbits to the center and slaughtered them by the thousand. The only disposition made of the pests was old lion for nearly 20 years had just to ship them to Chicago and New York for food for the poor. They did not realize that rabbit hair entered largely to suit the needs of the builder. By into the manufacture of the finest hats.

Sulphur Destroys Seab Germs. The New Jersey experiment station has been unable to find any variety of The rack will last for several years dered sulphur will destroy the germs of This treatment should be given just after the potatoes have been By feeding a little grain and hay night in the soil the treatment of the seed all winter. They will leave good hay alone will not prevent the development | and eat the fodder in preference. of scab on the potatoes raised. The use of about 300 pounds of sulphur per acre on land infested with scab promises to largely reduce the damage caused by it. Conl Not a Munition of War.

In time of war a neutral may allow a belligerent's warship to enter its ports, and may give it water and provisions enough to let it reach its own nearest port, but it may not provide not a "munition of war," because when but they will have some corn and hay munitions of war. Coal originally was The swordfish is a favorite sea food came settled there were no steam ves- to see how much better their ground -A man may wear a big diamond

without knowing anything.-Washington Democrat.

# WILL NOT FAIL TO CURE

## Dr. Greene's Nervura the Greatest and Grandest Remedy in the World.

State Prison Chaplain and Eminent Clergyman Pronounces Dr. Greene's Nervura a Priceless Boon to Humanity. It Cures the People.



REV. D. C. EASTON, CHAPLAIN OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE PRISON. Never before in medical annals has any | is the giver of health and strength-it makes licine received such wide-spread praise and the sick well.

Mever before in medical annals has any medicine received such wide-spread praise and endorsement from physicians, druggists and all classes of the people as is bestowed upon the great curer of disease, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. It purifies and invigorates the blood, making pure, rich, red blood, and it is therefore the grandest of blood medicines. It gives life, strength, energy, power and vigor to the brain and nerves, and bence is the greatest nerve tonic, brain invigorant and nerve restorative ever before known in the world's history. It banishes headache, backache, neuralgia, rheumatism, and has thus demonstrated itself to be the surest and quickest pain reliever in existence. It cures stomach, liver, kidney and female complaints with a positive certainty which is unequaled and unrivaled, and which has caused weak, nervous, tired out, sleepless, run down and debilitated sufferers everywhere to recognize Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy as indeed the King of Medicines.

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy as indeed the King of Medicines.

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy as indeed the King of Medicines.

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy as indeed the King of Medicines.

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy as indeed the King of Medicines.

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy as indeed the King of Medicines.

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy as indeed the king of Medicines.

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy as indeed the king of Medicines.

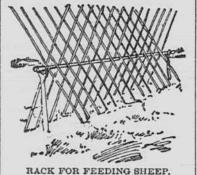
Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy now and get well. Dr. Greene's Servura blood and nerve remedy now and get well. Dr. Greene's Servura blood and nerve remedy now and get well. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy now and get well. Dr. Greene's Servura blood and nerve remedy now and get well. Dr. Greene's Servura blood and nerve remedy now and get well. Dr. Greene's Servura blood and nerve remedy now and get well. Dr. Greene's Servura blood and nerve remedy now

The Pairy.

THIS IS WORTH TRYING. Excellent Rack for Feeding Corn Fodder to Cattle.

My way of utilizing corn stalks for

feed is to begin cutting the corn as soon as the stalks and lower half of the blades begin to turn brown. If cut too green the corn will be light in grain, although the stalks will make better fodder. What will be gained in superior forage will be lost in the grain. Make shocks 16 hills square or if the corn has been drilled, cut 16 rows one way and 16 steps the other. With a strong rope, to one end of which is attached an iron ring, draw the top of the shock together and securely tie with binding twine. If this work is properly done they will stand the winter. We pay for cutting ten cents a shock, the price ness of the corn. In about a month He did this eight times, and as often after cutting, or at most six weeks, enlarged the hole. After he had the exthe farmer has plenty of room, bind the



stand the fodder back in place and let Many farmers do not like to feed fodder because the stalks are a great nuisance in the stable. The best way to made of fence rails, as shown in the Hlustration. This rack is made as follows: Take large wooden forks four feet long and set them in a row ten feet apart and one foot in the ground. In these lay a long pole. On each side dig a trench eight inches deep parallel to these forks and 21/2 feet distant Set the rails in these trenches and lean across the pole alternating from the different sides. If they are large enough there will be ample space for the stock to pull the fodder through. The length of the rack can of course be regulated placing this rack between two lots it will serve as a fence and mules can be on one side and calves on the other. potato which is exempt from scab. It if made of good material, and by placis found that rolling the seed in pow- ing it northeast and southwest it will answer as a windbreak. Haul the fodder in as needed and keep the rack full. Of course, if the germs of scab are and morning the stock will be kept fat

I find from experience that ten head of horses and two cows confined in a lot will consume on an average two shocks per day of heavy corn fodder. As the expense is only for the cutting, the animals are thus kept for 20 cents, or less than two cents per day per head. Let my brother farmers try this as an experiment the coming winter, and they will find that when spring comes their stock will not only be fat, the principle of international law besels. Probably a man-of-war could ob- works because it was not tramped all corn ground one of the most expensive practices a farmer can follow .-E. S. Maxam, in Farm and Home,

HINTS FOR DAIRYMEN.

Bitter weeds, bitter milk every time. Solid concrete stable floors can be kept clean, and that is a big item in the dairy.

Unless there is the greatest economy

at every step in the dairy, money is thrown away. Good cows, good feed and all the modern dairy utensils lower the cost

of production. The boy who milks needs watching, for if he does not milk clean, the milk vield will fall off.

Now comes a man who says that he ammonia on the lump. If some of our dairymen who have

Consumers do not care to buy more water in butter than can be helped. | ter in it and keeping in a cool place, Water is not butter, and it is not honest to sell it as such.

Don't try to improve a scrub herd simply by extra feeding. It will do uniform temperature butter can be some good, but a part of the feed will packed in close-fitting, small packages, be wasted. Breed up.

tails in the dairy is the performance of each individual cow. The more intelligent a cow is the better cow she is. A fool cow is no bet-

ter than a fool man. The scrub is not as intelligent as the thoroughbred. Considering all the fuss that is made about tuberculosis, and the quantity of milk that is consumed, the disease does

not seem to be spreading much among the human family. Bran and shorts that are made from wheat that has passed through the sweating process-old wheat-will keep in bulk in hot weather. Otherwise it

MINNESOTA BUTTER. A Recent Export Shipment Sold Well in England. The secretary of agriculture has re-

ceived complete reports from the third

experimental shipment of butter to

will not .- Western Plowman.

London by his department. The shipment consisted of a lot of Minnesota creamery butter in 56-pound boxes and tubs, and a lot of Massachusetts creamery butter in small tubs, family packages, and fancy prints. The export was made in June. It cost 21/2 cents a pound to carry the butter from central Minnesota to London, by the single ton, with the best refrigerator accommodations all the way, excepting short transfers. The transportation from western Massachusetts cost rather more, because of the absence of a refrigerator car line to New York and the necessity wholesale price of Danish butter was vinced of the high quality of the Ameri- ing ten doses each. can butter, paid the same price for it

# DOCTORS MYSTIFIED:

### Why So Many Regular Physicians Fail to Cure Female Ills.

Some True Reasons Why Mrs. Pinkham is More Successful Than the Family Doctors.

A woman is sick; some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not the whole story. She holds something back, loses her head, becomes agitated, for-

gets what she wants to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and thus completely mystifies the doctor. Is it any wonder, therefore, that the doctor fails to cure the disease? Still, we cannot blame the woman, for it is very

embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, even to he family physician. It was for this reason that years ago Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., determined to step in and helpher sex. Having had treating female ills with her Vegetable Compound, she encouraged the woconsiderable experience in she encouraged the women of America to write to her for advice in regard to their com-

into her ears every detail of their suffering. In this way she was able to do for them what the physicians were unable to do, simply because she had the proper information to work upon, and from the little group of women who sought her advice years ago, a gr. 1 army of her fellow-beings are to-day constantly applying for advice and relief, and the fact that more than one hundred thousand of them have been successfully treated by Mrs. Pinkham during the last year is indicative of the grand results which are produced by her unequaled experience and training.

plaints, and being a woman, it was easy for her ailing sisters to pour

No physician in the world has had such a training, or has such an amount of information at hand assist in the treatment of all kinds of female ills, from the sim est local irritation to the most complicated diseases of the womb.

This, therefore, is the reason why Mrs. Pinkham, in her laboratory at Lynn, Mass., is able to do more for the ailing women of America than the family physician. Any woman, therefore, is responsible for her own suffering who will not take the trouble to write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

The testimonials which we are constantly publishing from grateful women establish beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

in tubs as in the favorite "Australian," or cubical box. Six different dealers took the Minnesota butter, at a uniform son of Religious Activity. price of 18 1-5 cents per pound. It cost about 16 cents, delivered to those Londcn dealers. The Massachusetts butter was of equal quality, and, although some of it sold to dealers at 191/2 cents, the small packages were not liked by the trade. This butter was worth 20 cents for local sale in the neighborhood where made. Thus, as in other cases, the western creamery butter was sold at a fair profit, over two cents per one of the talkers. pound, while the New England creamery butter was sold in London at less than it would have brought at home. -61/2 cents, and about seven cents on an average-was too great. The consumer paid twice as much for the Minnesota butter as the creamery in that state received for it, and of what the butter

BUTTER FOR WINTER.

cost the consumer, the farmer who sup-

plied the cream got less than two-fifths.

How to Keep It Where Cold Storage Cannot Be Had. For keeping butter for winter use, where cold storage cannot be had, no plan is as sure to result favorably as immersing the pound prints in strong brine, and if a trifle of saltpetre is added to the brine the plan will appear to be safer. Butter will not absorb salt from the brine; hence the plan of the little muslin wrappers, or (better yet) cures lumpy jaw by rubbing spirits of the little paper box which incases the pat of butter like a close-fitting envelope and prevents the butter from getsmall farms would try soiling they would be surprised at the splendid rehave before recommended the sterilized brine, simply strong brine boiled; and after cooling, placing these pats of but-

and taking up the butter only as wanted. Where one has a very cold room of and closely covered after placing on the If any business is successful details | top of the butter either closely-fitting must have attention. One of the de- layers of butter paper or a paste made of very wet salt spread evenly over the surface before putting on the cover closely. The facts are that nothing very new has been discovered about the keeping of butter not known to our mothers, and, while cold storage is the best, it is only at the command of comparatively few; so the old stand-by receipts have to be brought out and again presented to public view .- Country

Better Than Dehorning.

Dehorning cattle is troublesome to perform, and cruel to the poor dumb brute, writes a correspondent to Na-tional Stockman. It is much easier and better every way to put knobs on the horns. Almost any hardware store keeps them. They are generally made of brass with screw threads on the inside of the knob. They are of different sizes and should be large enough to allow a little of the horn to protrude beyond the metal, which can be sawed off after the knob is screwed on. These knobs cost only five cents, and can be screwed on in a minute, while the animal is eating a little bran slop out of a bucket. I have tried this with perfect success. It is quickly done, and is humane. Nothing can be better unless

it is to get a breed of cattle that have no horns. Vaccine for Black Leg. The department of agriculture, through its bureau of animal industry, has just prepared vaccine for the cattle disease known as "black leg." It of paying expressage. This butter was has also issued a circular containing all placed by the department's agent in facts about the disease itself and full London in the hands of retail dealers. directions for using the vaccine. It They paid from 15 to 191/2 cents per is desired by the bureau that before pound for it, the same butter being then | the vaccine is distributed to the stock worth 15 cents in New York. The owners in general a record be obtained of several thousand successful vaccinaabout 20 cents in London at that time. tions. For this purpose a quantity of It was retailed to consumers at 24, 25 vaccine will be distributed to such perand 26 cents per pound-most of it at | sons as desire to make preliminary vac 26 cents. This was the same as the re- cination and report the results to the tail price of the best Danish, which bureau. The vaccine as put up by the leads the London market for salted but bureau consists of a brownish powder, ter. The retailers, upon being con- which is prepared in packages contain-

#### WHEN THE STARS FELL Meteoric Shower Followed by a Sea-

The recent eclipse was discussed in a crowd of old-timers the other day, and it was unanimously admitted that whenever anything unusual occurred in the heavens it impressed the beholder more than any other phenomenon. From the subject of eclipse the conversation turned to comets and meteors, and the big shower of falling stars in November, 1833, was referred to by

"I remember it," said Col. George W. Adair. "At that time I was only a small boy, but the spectacle was one not to be forgotten in a hurry, and the agi tation and alarm of the older people around me impressed it upon my mind. "It was the night of November 13,

1833, when the stars fell. I was then living out in the country, in Henry county, and was fast asleep when the shower "My father had gone that night to s

corn-shucking, and knew nothing about the trouble until he started home. He was with a friendmamed Jones, a man of religious turn of mind, and when the stars commenced cutting up their capers my father was anxious to reach home as soon as possible. But Jones was frightened out of his wits, and got down on his knees by the side of the road to pray. It was no use reasoning with him. Every hundred yards or so he collapsed and dropped on his knees. He had a powerful voice, and his lamentations and shouts made the woods ring and added to the horrors of the night.

"Finally, my father got home and he lost no time in waking my mother and myself. I shall never forget the scene spread out before me when I went into the yard. It was indescribably grand and awful, and the heavens seemed to be filled with millions of sky rockets. Streams of fire rolled in every direction, and the stars or meteors fell like flakes

of snow. "Nothing like it had ever been seen by the people then living, and they were badly scared. The negroes set up the most unearthly yells and howls, and from every cabin might be heard snatches of prayer and religious songs. Many of the spectators believed that the world was coming to an end, and they were in a frenzy of terror and excite

ment. "The next day everybody felt relieved, but there was very little work done. Naturally everybody got into a religious frame of mind, and for weeks afterward the preacher had large congregations and a crowd of old sinners joined

the church. "It was a wonderful sight, and I never expect to see anything like 11 again."—Atlanta Journal.

He Wanted the Truth. In a case before a Paris court, in which a popular actress has had to appear as a witness, the judge seems to have shown considerable diffidence about asking the lady, as he was in duty bound to do, what was her age. Evidently he considered that such a question, put to such a witness, would be a direct incitement to perjury. The way in which he got out of the difficulty was ingenious although decidedly irregular. He asked her age before she had been sworn. "How old are you, madam?" he said. After a little hesitation, the lady owned to being 20 years of age. "And now that you have told the court your age," continued the gallant judge, up your hand. You swear to tell the

Corstes. Hamilton Aide corrects the impression that Corsica is full of bandits. Murder is not uncommon from love quarrels or the vendetta, but a traveler may go from one end of the island to another, unarmed and unescorted,

Born in a Railway Car. The Italian actress Eleonora Dusc cannot positively give the name of her place of birth, for she fret saw the light in a railway carriage between Padua and Venice.

without fear of violence or pillage.